PACATA BRITANNIA.

A

PANEGYRICK

TO THE

QUEEN,

ON THE

PEACE,

AND THE

INTEREST of the *BRITISH* NATION.

By Mr. *T. N.*

Quis non Latino *Sanguine pinguior*
Campus Sepulchris impia Prælia
Teſtatur, auditumque Medis
Heſperiæ *Sonitum Ruinæ ?*

Qui Gurges ? Aut quæ Flumina Lugubris
Ignara Belli ? Quod Mare Dauniæ
Non decolavere Cædes ?
Quæ caret Ora Cruore noſtro ? Hor. L. ii. Od. 1.

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Pacata Britannia.

IN Ancient *Rome* thus *Great Auguſtus* roſe,
To conquer firſt, then give the World repoſe;
While Wreaths like Yours the Hero's Temples bound,
With Lawrels *Now*, and *Now* with Olive crown'd.

Leſs generous Aims confirm'd the *Roman* Brave,
He fought to vanquiſh Empires, *You* to ſave;
Laviſh of Life *Your* dying Troops alone
Expire, to reſcue Nations not Your *Own*.

So when the Clouds reviving Moiſture pour,
And ſhed their Bounty on ſome drooping Flower,
In kindly Dews they weep themſelves away,
Creating Waſte, and giving Life Decay.

See! *Albion* bows her fair declining Head,
And *Belgia* triumphs where *Britannia* bled;
Her painful Arm diſtain'd with friendly Gore,
To purchaſe Wreaths, by Foreign Temples wore.

Pity, thoſe Swords that Safety lend to all,
Shou'd each prevent, beſides their Maſters Fall;
While their avenging Points, unkindly brave,
All, but the Wretch that guides their Vengeance, ſave.

Tho' every State Your Guardian Arm confeſs
Your generous Pity own, and Conduct bleſs;
Your ſelf beneath Your barren Triumphs live,
Sighing thoſe Bleſſings, which to all *You* give.

Did thoſe *You* conquer, *Your* Commands obey,
And all that dread Your Power, augment Your Sway,
Your Realms, no longer by the Sea confin'd,
Had met the Continent, and *Europe* join'd.

The *Scheldis* then a *Britiſh* Name had bore,
And *Danube* roll'd a *German* Stream no more:
While the rich Floud that does his courſe purſue
O'er Sands of Gold, had only ſhone for *You*.

Too long each Matron has deplor'd in vain
Her Sons expiring, and her Conſort ſlain;
Too long, to weep their Fate, has kindly ſhed
Her Dewy Sorrows round the lonely Bed.

See how her Woes the penſive Fair divide,
No more a Parent now, no more a Bride!
And while thoſe tender Names delight no more,
Laments ſhe ever lov'd, or ever bore.

Since Heaven commands Your Royal Breaſt to prove
The ſilent Torments of a Widdow'd Love,
Here view thoſe Sorrows equall'd, which You try'd
When *(a) George* expiring ſigh'd, when *(b) William* dy'd.

Let *(c) Lumley*'s beauteous, breathleſs Image call
New to Your Mind, the Princely Hero's Fall;
He dy'd in Battle! While Your *Gloſter*'s Charms
More kindly vaniſh'd in a Mother's Arms.

Thus while you deign the *lovely Dead* to moan,
To reach his Parents Grief, recal Your *Own*;
One Moment weeping their ſad room ſupply,
And let the Sov'reign in the Mother dye.

But Softer Themes ſhall now the Muſes move,
Exchanging *Anna*'s Power for *Anna*'s Love;
Each ſerves a different Paſſion to employ,
That gave us Raptures, this a Milder Joy.

No more *Moſella*'s Waves, or *Iſter*'s Stream,
Shall flow the Victor's Boaſt, or Hero's Theme;
While *Iſis* peaceful Waters glide along,
Harmonious now in every Poet's Song.

France ſhall no more her penſive Thoughts employ
On what ſhe loſt, but what ſhe does enjoy;
And taught no more *Britannia*'s Arm to dread,
Soothing her Wounds forget ſhe ever bled,

So to a Mother's Breaſt when Seas convey
A Treaſure by their Waves deſign'd a Prey,
No Marks of Terror in her Looks appear,
So much her Love is ſtronger than her Fear.

While freſher Wreaths Your Temples thus refuſe,
And equal to their Strength their Lawrels chuſe,
The Nymphs unhappy Fame you ſeem to ſhun,
Who ſunk beneath the Trophies ſhe had won.

See how thoſe Nations that Your Arms ſubdue,
At laſt are vanquiſh'd by Your Goodneſs too,
Teaching in *Engliſh* Minds what Virtues live,
Inſpir'd to conquer firſt, and then forgive!

France oft before aſtoniſh'd with your Arms,
More than your Sword affrights, your Mercy Charms;
Beneath whoſe Royal Breaſt together move
The wide Extreams of Terror, and of Love.

So when in Arms the *(d)* Virgin Goddeſs ſounds
Her Spear leſs certain than her Beauty wounds:
In vain the Heavenly Nymph her Foes annoy,
Since all her Courage ſpares, her Eyes, deſtroy.

With Pain You bear a Conqueror's envy'd Name;
That claims Your Sorrow, *which* augments Your Fame;
With kind Compaſſion Your own Triumphs read,
Sigh with the Vanquiſh'd, with the Dying bleed.

So

(a) Prince of *Denmark*. (b) Duke of *Gloſter*. (c) A younger Son of the E. of *Scarborough*, of exquiſite Parts and Beauty, unfortunately kill'd at Sea in an Engagement with the *French*. (d) *Pallas*.

So the brave Eagle does with Grief ſurvey
Yet warm with Life a beauteous bleeding Prey;
His nobler Pity does his Wrath aſſwage
Laments the Wound, and ſcarce forgives his Rage.

While others ſmile o'er Nations they deſtroy
You tremble o'er the Trophies You enjoy;
O'ercome with Sorrow your weak Tranſport lies,
And all the Victor in the Woman dyes.

If Stubborn Empires force You to oppreſs,
Your Joy is greater, as Your Vengeance leſs;
While generous Grief diſtracts Your Royal Mind,
You cannot conquer, and at once be kind.

Thus *Caeſar*'s ſelf, relenting did deplore
His Rival's Fate, on *Egypts* faithleſs Shore;
The World's Great Conqueror, and Lord of All,
Were Names too dearly bought with Pompey's *Fall.*

Leſs fair Your Lawrels than Your Bayes are ſeen,
Thoſe pleaſe the *Victor* moſt, but theſe the *Queen.*
Your Troops then moſt delight when kindly brave,
And while You vanquiſh, rather wiſh to ſave.

If thus You mourn for every Proſtrate Foe,
How does each Subject's Fate demand Your Woe?
Which while Your friendly Sorrows do relieve,
We almoſt envy, what we elſe ſhou'd grieve!

Soft Anguiſh in Your penſive Breaſt to read,
To fall Your Pity and Your Care to bleed,
With Tranſport all the willing Pain endure,
And almoſt wiſh the Wound, to ſhare the Cure.

Oh ceaſe to weep! Leſt tempted by Your Eye,
We court our Fate thus moan'd, and chuſe to dye;
For while Your Tears each Hero's Fall attone,
You but inſpire the Death, You after moan.

So ſome bold Youth, a generous proof to give,
That in the Son the Father's Vertues live,
Cloſe by his Side (too prodigally brave)
Dyes by that Courage his Example gave!

But ſee! Return'd a Kinder Fame to meet,
Their Lawrels blooming all beneath Your Feet,
Each happy Chief a different Joy beguiles,
And thoſe that miſs Your Pity, ſhare your Smiles.

How envy'd ſeems each Leader's various State?
You bleſs his kind, or weep his harder Fate;
His utmoſt Sufferings by Your Love atton'd,
Thus living prais'd, or dying thus bemoan'd.

Our Swords at laſt with *Kinder Rage* abound,
Into New Life improving what they wound;
Dy'd by themſelves, the Furrows turning o'er,
Give back thoſe Harveſts they deſtroy'd before.

So when a Torrent does resistless spread
His rapid Force, and drown some beauteous Mead,
Those Hills of Sand its Hasty Waves convey,
A Gentler Stream succeeding bears away.

See! How amaz'd the *Gallick* Strangers view,
Nor wonder now their Arms cou'd ne'er subdue!
What nameless Terrors must that Foe attend,
That dreadful still thus threatens in the Friend?

Just so the Wretch who panting gains the Shore,
Still hears amaz'd the angry Billows roar;
Dreading those Surges that his Safety gave,
Still views a rolling Death in every Wave!

Amidst Your Triumphs to neglect Your Fame,
And for a Friends to leave a Victor's Name;
This speaks You *Merciful* as well as *Brave*,
Those whom You conquer, to consent to save.

Had both our Arms with Equal Fate been try'd,
Britannia's Friendship had been *Gallia*'s Pride;
But from her *Terror* You augment her Joy,
Then kind to spare, resolving to destroy.

So *Phœbus* Rays with kinder Vigor warm,
That meet our Eyes, and cheer us thro' a Storm;
And Clouds more welcome shed their Rains on all,
Which gently from Abating Thunders fall.

Your dreadful Navies give a mixt Delight,
With Horror charm, and as they please, affright;
Their Breasts by turns with Fear and Transport glow,
This painting the *Ally*, and that the Foe.

To all, the beauteous Sails a Wonder ride,
Who ne'er beheld their Flames or Thunders try'd;
So each Beholder's Eye the lovely Seas,
But his, who lately moan'd a Tempest, pleases.

Secure amidst such Terror to appear,
To praise Your Navy, nor its Vengeance fear;
Is, with the Stature of a Lyon charm'd
To touch the Beast, and view his Wrath disarm'd.

Our Youth survey'd, the *Gaul* admires to find,
With so much Beauty so much Courage join'd;
Lovely and fierce at once the Heroes view
Like Lightning fair, and as destructive too.

A Thousand Wreaths that grac'd his Brows before
Your Friendship gain'd, can now delight no more;
Owning his Sword a Meaner Glory drew,
In conquering Empires, than appeasing you.

Our Swords shall now their friendly Edge employ
To guard those States they glitter'd to destroy;
So nothing but the *Grecian* Spear was found
To ease the Smart, whose Point transfix'd the Wound.

As far in Southern Seas our Navies ride,
New Waves ſupport their Weight, and Planets guide;
Rich Gales of Incenſe breath in every Sail,
And ſtretch the Sheets, when dying Breezes fail.

Back the aſtoniſh'd Fleet the Wonder brings
Of Flowry Autumns, and of Loaded Springs:
Thro' all the Year Inverted Seaſons flow,
And Summers chill, while kinder Winters glow.

No Tale thoſe diſtant Worlds had reach'd before,
Where rul'd the *Turk*, or ſhone the ſwarthy Moor;
Iberia's Grandeur, and the *Gallick* Fame
Were both unknown, and all—— but *Anne*'s Name.

In *Greece* alone, and *Aſia*'s fruitful Soil,
Rome ſought for Trophies to reward her Toil;
Green Wreaths for You in every Climate grow,
Each gives a Lawrel that preſents a Foe.

The *Roman* Bands (tho' *Ceſar*'s ſelf inſpir'd)
From *Britain*'s guarded Coaſt with Shame retir'd;
Our nobler Fleet inſult the *Latian* Main,
And ask of *Rome* a Foe ſo brave in vain.

What ſhe th' Old World's Extremeſt Limits drew,
We make a Paſſage only to the *New*;
Beyond her Fabled Pillars we prevail,
And triumph, where ſhe trembled but to ſail.

Fame from ſuch diſtant Climes our Legions *will*,
Where the *Suns* end, our Labours but begin,
Both round the Globe purſue their glorious Way,
And every Realm *be* viſits, *we* ſurvey.

Had ours been known, when *Philip*'s warlike Son
Sigh'd for more Worlds than thoſe already won,
He had not wept for others to ſubdue,
But Want of Power to conquer *that*, he knew.

The Gods and You this Bleſſing only find,
To reign ſecure at once, as well as kind;
Enclos'd alike each happy Empire lies,
You have Your Floods to boaſt, and *they* their Skies.

See Weſtern Monarchs hither led by Fame,
Exchange a Sovereign's for a Subject's Name;
And from that *Title* purchaſe more Renown
Than when ador'd beneath an *Indian* Crown.

Amaz'd they view their Temples and their Sun
In the bright Luſtre of Your Court outdone;
And trembling, at Your Feet thoſe Rights prepare,
They deem their meaner Gods unfit to ſhare.

So when to *Greece* the *Hebrew* Convert came,
And ſhook th' invenom'd Viper in the Flame,
His wounded Arm again to Life reſtor'd,
Asking Obedience only, was ador'd.

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by us with Heats before unknown,
The *Ruſſian* glows beneath his freezing Zone;
The Sun's long Abſence kindly we ſupply,
And lend thoſe Flames his diſtant Rays deny.

Rough was his Arm, his Courage *ſternly* brave,
And *Death* it ſelf the kindeſt thing he gave.
To ravage States before, the Victor knew,
But learn'd from us the Methods to ſubdue!

See, while he viſits *Albion*'s friendly Coaſt,
The Hero forming, and the Tyrant loſt!
We melt his Rage from ſavage into bold,
Like rugged Oar diſſolving into Gold.

Thus while each Bleſſing to Mankind You lend,
With Arts inſtruct, or elſe with Arms defend;
Heaven's fair Example as You thus purſue,
Alike in *Love*, be like in *Terror* too.

Let Nations reſcued by Your Pity, find
Your Arms are dreadful ſtill as well as kind!
Leſt jealous of that Power Your Mercy gave,
You dread at laſt the Empires that You ſave.

So Dying Sparks which breathing we inſpire,
With Hopes of Life, and nurſe into a Fire;
For grateful Heat, Deſtructive Flames return,
And the kind Breaſt they ought to cheriſh, burn.

All, but the Wretches You Your Self ſuſtain,
Adore at once, and tremble at Your Reign;
Unlike Effects Your Love and Vengeance have,
They kneel, You conquer; they inſult, You ſave.

Amidſt *Your* Favours let *Your* Power be ſeen,
And in the Kind Ally maintain the Queen;
Let *Your* reſiſtleſs Force Your Love commend,
Nor loſe the Sov'reign, while *You* act the Friend.

So *Jove* incens'd the lifted Bolt to throw,
To guard ſome Sinking State, and cruſh the Foe,
Tho' his *kind Arm* the dreadful Task fulfil,
Preſerve the *God*, and holds the *Thunder* ſtill.

But Softer Murmurs now the Sky ſhall rend,
And purple Fires uncharg'd with Deaths aſcend;
Gay Streams of Light ſhall round the Welkin play,
And Showers of falling Brightneſs rival Day.

Aſtoniſh'd Nations now each Camp ſhall fill,
And crowd each Trench to wonder, not to kill;
By Lengths of Ruin that whole Realms deface,
Explore the Steps of War, and Battles trace.

See how unarm'd, tho' dreadful as before,
The harmleſs, yet amazing, Turrets ſoar!
While every Eye the threatning Ruins ſtill,
With trembling Joy, and pleaſing Horrors fill.

Tranſported Peaſants now in Raptures tell,
Here Gaul *retreated, there* Bavaria *fell*;
His purple Banks here foaming Iſter *lav'd*,
There Anna's *Troops expiring* Europe *ſav'd!*

Oh *Addiſon!* So ſhines the lovely View
By *Kneller* drawn, it ſhou'd be ſung by you;
With fairer Beauties ſtriving which ſhou'd charm,
The *Painter* raviſh moſt, or *Poet* warm.

Can *Churchil*'s Wreaths tranſport your lofty Muſe?
Does *Anna*'s Love th' ungrateful Nymph refuſe?
Can *Albion* only, as ſhe bleeds, inſpire?
And does her Healing Boſom damp your Lyre?

Once more the Annals trace of haughty *(a) Rome*,
The faithful Braſs, and the recording Tomb;
Yet dimm'd with Glories your own Realms ſupply,
Each Tale ſhall bluſh, and boaſted Story dye.

Reſume thy Harp, ſo oft, ſo nobly ſtrung;
To Theme e'er fear'd a Death it ever ſung;
Till *Albion* own, as you her Fate purſue,
She bled with Glory to be wept by *you*.

Thus ſhall the *Scheld* a rival Fame maintain,
And boaſt of Triumphs, noble as the *Boyne!*
Ramillia's Plain ſhall vie with *Creſſy* Field,
And *Ryſwick*'s ſelf to kinder *Utrecht* yield.

But ſince th' harmonious Labour you decline,
Whoſe can the Task, O *Prior*, be, but thine?
While to thy grateful Muſe the Song we owe,
That paints thoſe Bleſſings you your ſelf beſtow.

No *Grecian* Maid invok'd your Lines require,
While you your ſelf, can beſt your ſelf inſpire;
Still, as you Glories want when fainty grown,
Diſdain a further Search, and view your own.

Thus ancient *Gaul*, ſubdu'd by *Caſar*, ſped,
Fell by his Arm, and in his Records bled;
Painting himſelf the Wonders he had done,
His Pen ſecures the *Fame*, his Sword had won.

Iberia now, by our Conſent, again
May court the Winds ſecure, and preſs the Main;
Her Glories round the ſhining Orb be told,
And *Philip*'s Face looks grave on *Indian* Gold.

Unfear'd above the rattling Thunder flies,
And Rocks below with Harmleſs Points ariſe;
While friendly round the Globe our Navies ſtray,
She laughs at Storms, a kinder Foe than they.

No Frowns the Sky, no Danger wears the Main;
And Tempeſts while *Tou* ſmile but rage in vain;
Her Fleets diſdaining now the Seas and Wind,
Deride 'em both, ſecure while *Tou* are kind

Like Rapture once inſpir'd exulting *Troy*,
Such was her Terror firſt, and then her Joy.
Achilles ſlain, Ten thouſand Swords appear
Leſs bright and dreadful than his ſingle Spear.

(a) Mr. *Addiſon* wrote the Antiquities of *Italy*.

While all things thus confeſs Your happy Reign,
Your Troops the Earth control, Your Fleets the Main;
Oh higher ſtill permit Your Fame to riſe,
Religion guard, and thus oblige the Skies!

Oh yet aſſume one beauteous Title more,
To the fair Liſt that crown'd Your Worth before;
And think Your conquering Sword has nothing done,
Till the Saint finiſh what the Queen begun.

Does Your kind Arm all Nature elſe compoſe,
And ſhall Your Heaven alone complain of Foes?
In vain the Gods their riſing Temples view,
Unleſs with Shrines You give 'em Victims too.

Look down a while heroick Shades! Once more
Survey thoſe Altars where ye bled before;
Let not your Death for nought the Scaffold ſtain,
Or *Charles* expire, or *Cranmer* flame in vain.

But *Manningam* appears!—— The glad Surprize
The Goddeſs owns, and ſpeaks it from her Eyes;
While Miters plac'd like *his* adorn her *Choir*,
The Nymph may languiſh, but can ne'er expire.

So *Ilium* preſſing *Greeks* attempt in vain,
Her Towers defac'd, and braveſt Leaders ſlain;
The Fates withſtand her Ruin, and foretel
That *Troy* cou'd never yield, till *Hector* fell.

Thus while Your Self the faireſt Model give
To guide our Age, and teach us how to live,
You ſeem a Double Glory to purſue,
Unite Mankind at once, and *ſave* 'em too.

The Gods to You their Bleſſings only lend,
Your Temples riſe, as faſt as they deſcend;
The Earth in Vapours from her Lap that fly,
Gives back her Dews, and thus repays the Sky.

Their Juſtice does on You thoſe Gifts beſtow,
We to a Kinder Love and Goodneſs owe;
While trembling at their awful Shrines we ſtand,
Kneeling You *force*, and as *You* ask, command.

To pity all by Nature ſo inclin'd,
'Tis ſcarce in You a Vertue to be kind;
From *Phœbus* thus his Light ſo certain flows,
We hardly prize the Gift the God beſtows.

All Factions now, however elſe disjoin'd,
Shall here unite, to own their Sov'reign kind;
No Strife but this moleſt Your peaceful Sway;
If *You* ſhall better rule, or *we* obey.

See Heaven contending to repay your Love,
Unmatch'd below, and ſcarce outdone above,
Bids diſtant Worlds Your wide Command obey
And Savage Realms grow mild beneath your Sway.

For You the Worm her curious Young ſhall feed
The Oar ſhall ripen, and the Amber bleed;
The cluſter'd Vine her, ſwelling Gifts unfold,
And *Indian* Mines reveal their hidden Gold.

To You each Seaſon ſhall its Tribute bring
The golden Harveſt, and the flowry Spring,
With richeſt Stores full Autumns bleſs Your Iſle,
And Winters as You govern, learn to ſmile.

Be huſh'd ye Hours! Ye Moments calmly fly,
Roll ſoft ye Spheres, or gently tune the Sky!
While *Albion*'s Queen with both their Tears oppreſt
Gives *Europe* Peace; and wearied Nature Reſt.

Welcome bleſt Exiles to your mourning Iſle
Here lovely fix, and brooding ever ſmile;
Your Beauties fairer ſhew from dire Alarms,
And War defacing all things, gives *You* Charms.

Like yours Appear'd the *Grecian* (*a*) Leader's Fate
His Country's Glory and at once her Hate,
Who baniſh'd now, with Sighs was ſoon deplor'd,
Went out derided, and came back ador'd.

The ſounding Gates of War ſhall fright no more,
While your kind Hand ſhuts faſt the Myſtick Door;
Reſtrains the God in pity to Your Foes,
And that Your *Rage* unlock'd, Your *Love* ſhall cloſe.

But gently ſmile, leſt Peace and too much Joy
Above the Terrors of the War deſtroy;
And *France* at laſt the fatal Secret find,
Secure while hated, to undo You kind.

So when Your Fleet a Rival Navy ſpies,
More than ſhe fears the Foe, ſhe dreads the Prize.
And greater Terror on her Courage falls,
Of ſinking by his Treaſure, than his Balls.

Let every pious Hero's injur'd Name,
Guarding Your Crown, at once partake Your Fame;
With You dividing Your *Britannia*'s Love,
While *they* contrive her Bliſs, and *You* approve.

But far, oh far diſtinguiſh from the reſt
(Still freſh his Wound, and painful ſtill his Breaſt)
(*b*) Whom, Hell and Treaſon dooming to the Grave
It coſt the Gods a Miracle to ſave?

Thus ſhall the Steel with Smiles the Patriot view
That plung'd in *his*, cou'd reach *Your* Boſom too;
His aking Breaſt with Sovereign Pity crown'd,
Abſolve the Traitor's Arm, and bleſs the Wound.

France whoſe avenging Sword his Fall decreed,
Now thanks the Gods her Rage did not ſucceed;
To the Weak Steel ſhe does her Freedom owe,
The Trembling *Villain*, and the Failing *Blow*.

Thus as Your Love exalts the Hero's Name,
Sinking ador'd, and bleeding into Fame;
His Blood ſhall like Applauſe with *Nilus* find,
Which while it overflows alone is kind.

Forgive the Muſe her bold but grateful Lay,
And kindly thus the pleaſing Toil repay;

Her

(*a*) *Themiſtocles.* (*b*) The E. of *Oxford.*

Her gloomy Hours ſuch Pity would beguile,
And Miſery look beauteous as *You* ſmile.

All Records elſe by Time may waſte away,
The Marble ſink, and ſtony'd Braſs decay;
But the ſtrong Fame our laſting Numbers give,
As You expire, but juſt begins to live.

Still fair in Verſe Your *Gloſter*'s Charms appear,
Faded in Death, You view 'em blooming here!
Here the laſt Scenes of Parting Grief are ſeen,
How *only* dy'd the Youth, how *more* the Queen.

Kneller's ſoft Art the Hero beauteous drew,
But cou'd not reach with us his Vertues too;
Colours may Life beſtow, but muſt deſpair
To leave the Image kind, as well as fair.

But ſince His Aſhes fragrant ſtill appear
Demand Anothers grief, and ask a tear,
His Death repay'd in *Albion*'s Love to find
Forgive your *Heaven*, nor think the Grave Unkind.

See kindly preſſing round your Sable Throne
You gain a *thouſand* Live's in looſing *One*
And ſeem, each fondly eager to fulfil
Your ſoft Commands, to live a Mother ſtill.

Oh let his fate no more Your Sorrows move!
But in Our *Duty* looſe his fondeſt *love*!
Your tender grief *thus* ſtriving to beguile
For each ſoft look, and every Beauteous Smile!

Too ſhort his Fame, we hardly dare complain,
Borrow'd from his, to fill your longer Reign;
While Fate thoſe Years to Youth and Virtue due
Deny'd the Hero to beſtow on you!

Thus as the Guardian of Mankind you live,
To *Albion* Joy, and reſt to *Europe* Give,
Each Paſſion calming you expreſt your Woe
That Breath you ſpent in *ſighs*, in *thanks* beſtow.

That gift alone to Heaven your Zeal can pay
Bleſſing the Gods, for what you cannot Pray,
So crown'd with Every ſmiling bliſs you live,
You have no more to ask, or *They* to Give

Your breaſt, with Albions tears diſtreſs'd ſo late
Slighting your own, to watch Brittannia's Fate,
New Scenes of Peace ſhall kindly now Employ
And what *You* give to All, your ſelf Enjoy.

So Heaven, the dread of future Battles ore
Her *Lightnings* fill'd, and *Thunders* ſhook no more!
From Either Arm your wonted Rage withdrew
When Jove Rebellion cruſh'd, and diſcord YOU.

FINIS.

Juſt Publiſh'd.

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